

THE STORAGRAM *Christmas Number*



Kaufmann's
"The Big Store"

Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh Pa

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. V

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No. 10

A Christmas Greeting

WHEN people work together towards a common end; when they strive for the same ideal, when their thoughts, efforts and hopes are centered upon an object that is dear to them, they have an understanding of one another that needs few words to express itself.

Because for three hundred days a year, you are working, as I am, for the material and moral growth of this business, I feel that we have achieved a relationship so close and so unified that it is almost unnecessary for me to use words already spoken to convey my thoughts to you at the close of this year; and so my Christmas message to you is one of the barest simplicity—I have no greater desire than your happiness; no deeper wish than your success; no sincerer hope than your welfare. That we may continue to work together to create new growth, to improve ourselves and thus advance for another happy, busy and successful year, is my earnest Christmas Greeting to you, one and all.

Eugene Kaufmann

DEVELOPING A PLEASING PERSONALITY

This article is taken from an address made by Dr. W. W. Charters over the radio last month. Dr. Charters made a number of these enlightening talks and we hope we may be able to reproduce a few more in coming issues of "The Storagram."

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The chief function of a great university is to develop personality and character. Men and women entrust their sons and daughters to its guidance not only to be filled with information but also to be developed in honesty, forcefulness, courtesy, intelligence and industry. If the proper personality is developed, knowledge will be taken care of. Success is equal to two parts personality plus one part brains.

So I feel no hesitancy in talking about some of the interesting phases of our personalities. Rather I am delighted to have the opportunity to discuss the subject.

Tonight I shall discuss that sort of personality which every human being would like to possess—a pleasing personality. Any man or woman who asserts that he does not like to be liked by other people is either a liar or a freak. The highest ambition of every man is to maintain the respect of those whose opinion he values. We all desire a personality that is pleasing to some other people.

But in developing a pleasing personality we have to know first of all those qualities which are pleasing to other people. And here we run into a difficulty. What is pleasing to one acquaintance may not be pleasing to another. In fact, I have taken the trouble on many occasions to ask my friends to define what kind of personality is pleasing to them, with two results. They differ in some respects. One lays stress upon good looks, another upon a sense of humor, a third upon keenness of mind. But they agree also on many traits.

So from many sources I have gathered a few common fundamental qualities which seem to me to be necessary in a pleasant personality. They are my list: yours may be different; but I think you will agree with me that mine is a good list.

Just as a sort of game I am going to state those five qualities as questions, which you may ask yourselves about yourselves. If you are just about as good as the average of your friends you may, in college style, grade yourself C. If you think you are above the average give yourself the grade of A or B and if below average mark yourself D or E. Then when you are through you may ask one of your friends to judge you on these and compare your own opinion with his to see how closely you agree.

Now we are all set for the self-analysis. The first question I shall ask is this:

1. How well do you like people? If you are a critic and pick holes in your acquaintances you cannot have a personality pleasing to other people because you are not clever enough to cover up your criticalness. Nobody is smart enough to do that. Other people know instinctively that you are a critic and are afraid of you. They don't like to be criticized and you will not be pleasing to them. But if, on the other hand, you see more good than you see faults in other people, if you

are inclined to excuse the faults and to think well of every one, you will to that extent be pleasing to them because we are likely to like the people who like us.

What is your score on liking people? If you wish to like people there is one simple method to use. Make a list of the good points of each person and think about those points whenever you think of him. Don't let criticisms creep into your mind. Try it on some pet aversion of yours for two weeks and see how your liking develops. You will soon see a change in him toward you.

2. How much do you enjoy talking to other people about what interests them, rather than about what interests you? If you always talk your line, you may be sure that people will grow tired of hearing about it because what interests everybody most is their own line. We like people who listen well and ask intelligent questions. We like them to be good talkers but not to monopolize the conversation.

What score do you find yourself on giving other people a chance to talk?

3. How much of a sense of humor and fun do you have? If you do not have a sense of humor it is hard for you to develop it. But you can develop an enjoyment of fun. Only a few of us are witty and humorous. We have to be born with wit and we cannot increase the amount much. Yet most of our friends do not possess a keen sense of humor and all that they desire us to have is an enjoyment of fun. Our jokes, our puns, and our wit may be rather crude and musty, but that does not matter if we enjoy ourselves with our friends and do our best to be cordially humorous. That much we can do.

I suppose every one will grade himself A on sense of humor and fun. Only the most mournful of my friends will acknowledge that he has no sense of humor and at that he half suspects that he is mistaken. What is your grade?

4. How much do you do for your friends? Do you perform little acts of thoughtfulness? Do you see that they have matches for their cigarettes, that the chair is comfortable, that they get the evening paper? Are you consciously thinking of doing little courteous things for them? Things that take no time but do call for that attention to their happiness which shows that you are thinking about them. Particularly do you laugh at the right time when they need the laugh just after the joke to make them happy and is the laugh a joyful chuckle or a strained Ha! Ha! I know that the man who is thoughtful of me in little ways is inherently unselfish and I like that kind of person. So do you. In developing a pleasing personality is of more importance to try to do little things for people than great monumental things. Better to remember to ask a man about his family than to give him a thousand dollars.

Where do you grade yourself on courteous thoughtfulness about the little comforts of your friends?

5. Are you a forceful, vigorous person or are you a "dead one"? We like people who do things, who have convictions without being obstinate, who speak with force and convincingness, who hold their own in an argument but without temper, whom we can depend upon to do things for us. We do not like ineffective people, without convictions, who speak slowly, dully and monotonously, who will not argue or if they do get mad, who can be depended upon for nothing. How strong arm your convictions? Do people listen when you talk? Do your friends ask your advice because they respect it? What is your grade?

Miss Philput, who tells the university professors how long to talk, gives us very explicit directions—not more than 1200 words. I have just carefully counted and find that they add up to 1124. So my talk is closed except to repeat that a pleasing personality can be developed in part by attention to the following rules:

1. Like people. Don't be a critic.
2. Let your friends do their share of the talking.
3. Enjoy fun even if you can't be a wit.
4. Be courteously thoughtful of the little comforts of your friends.
5. Develop convictions and get action.

Next Monday night I shall discuss some method of developing friendliness.

Over the KDKA Radio from University of Pittsburgh Studio, October 27, 1924.

Etiquette of Golf

A *foursome* consists of two players, playing against two others.

There are two kinds of foursomes: Two Ball foursomes (called Scotch Foursome), Four Ball foursomes (called American Foursome), Mixed foursome. Gentleman and a lady play another gentleman and lady, playing only two balls each, like turns in playing strokes.

Honor means the player has the right to play first from Tee.

Away from Hole means that player's balls are furthest from Hole and they play first.

Holed Out means that player has put ball into cup and is finished playing that hole.

A single player has no standing on the course, that is, he must give way to all other matches.

Two Ball, Three Ball, and Four Ball matches are proper on course, except that Four Ball and Three Ball matches must give way to Two Ball matches.

All strokes must be counted, those having the least number of strokes each hole is returned the winner. That is called match play. The total score for 18 holes is called Medal play.

Do not play your shot until players ahead are out of your range, and if they are on putting green, wait until they are off before playing on to same green.

A good golfer will not talk while the other golfer is playing his or her shot.

Good Clubs and good Balls help you to play a better game.



Stop! Look! Listen!

It gives us great pleasure to introduce the president of our newly formed "Good Cause Club," Miss Jean McCabe of the Accounts Payable Office. Miss McCabe is in the upper left of this photograph.

Step up, fall up, roll up there any old time at all and you will find her with a grin from ear to ear and always happy. Not only Jeanie, but also the rest of this Club's girl members. Hoping this little notice will make warm friends for us, we are

The Girls of Accounts Payable Office,
Tenth Floor.

Our Engagement Register

In the Travel Bureau on the Balcony another innovation has been made in our service to the public. An Engagement Register has been provided for the use of those people who would make notations referring to appointments they have made with friends there.

As is often the case, the party arriving at the Balcony first to fill an appointment, sometimes believes he or she has missed the other party and leaves before a meeting is effected. By using the Engagement Register, a message can be left indicating when the first of the pair arrived and where he or she would be if the other party came later.

Salespeople should advise customers of the placing of the new Engagement Register and suggest its use by both parties when an appointment is made.

Have you noticed the new "uniformed interpreters" on the first floor? Most people think they're cops, but really they are only advance agents for information. Mr. Johnston of the Travel Bureau tells of an instance where a small child had come in to see Santa Claus, and upon seeing the man by the Fifth Avenue door thought he was the "grand old man" without his snowy beard. The child was correctly directed to the Fifth Floor later and only then realized his mistake.



It has been said that "Rabbit" Keller of the Electrical Department is not the best hunter in the world but he is a Marathon runner of the Ritola type and the fastest bear in the woods is a snail in comparison with him.

The Best Things

- The Best Theology—A pure and beneficent life.
- The Best Philosophy—A contented mind.
- The Best Law—The Golden Rule.
- The Best Education—Self knowledge.
- The Best Medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance.
- The Best Art—Painting a smile on the brow of childhood.
- The Best Science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
- The Best War—To fight against internal evils and selfishness.
- The Best Music—The laughter of an innocent child.
- The Best Journalism—Printing the true and beautiful only on Memory's Tablet.
- The Best Telegraphy—Floating a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.
- The Best Biography—The life which writes Charity in the largest letters.
- The Best Mathematics—That which doubles the joys and divides the sorrows.
- The Best Navigation—Steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.
- The Best Diplomacy—Effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.
- The Best Engineering—Building a bridge of love, faith and trust in the Divine over the river of death.

"Cady."

YE TOWNE GOSSIP

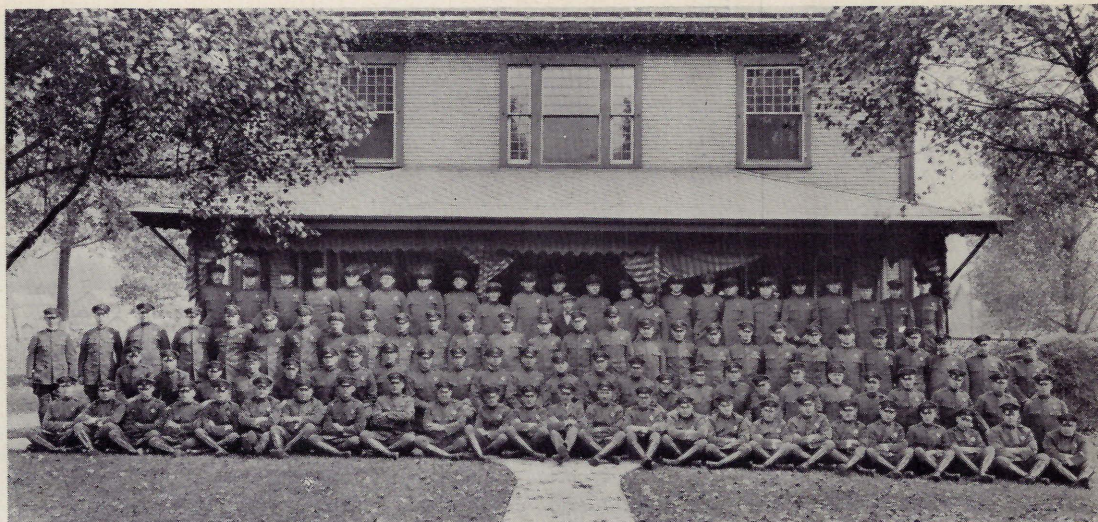
BY K. C. B.

ALL IN one day.	AND ASKED the same.
* * *	* * *
I'VE MET two clerks.	AND THE clerk there
* * *	said.
IN DIFFERENT	* * *
stores.	HE WAS very sorry.
* * *	* * *
AND FOR the benefit.	THEY DIDN'T have
* * *	any.
OF CLERKS in general.	* * *
* * *	AND COULDN'T
WHO LIKE to know.	understand.
* * *	* * *
HOW PATRONS feel.	WHY THEY weren't in
* * *	stock.
I'M GOING to tell.	* * *
* * *	AND WHEN they had
THAT WHEN I asked.	them.
* * *	* * *
OF THE first of these.	HE WORE them himself.
* * *	* * *
FOR WHAT I wanted.	AND THOUGHT them
* * *	excellent.
HE LOOKED at me.	* * *
* * *	AND I think he lied.
AND SAID to me.	* * *
* * *	BUT WOULD I look
SO FAR as he knew.	* * *
* * *	AT SOMETHING else.
THE THING I wanted.	* * *
* * *	THAT HE considered.
WAS OUT of date.	* * *
* * *	THE NEXT best thing.
AND NOBODY wore	* * *
them.	AND OF course I did.
* * *	* * *
ANYMORE.	AND HE sold them to
* * *	me.
AND NOBODY made	* * *
them.	AND I went away.
* * *	* * *
ANYMORE.	QUITE SATISFIED.
* * *	* * *
AND I went away.	WITH THE clerk.
* * *	* * *
WHILE HE followed me	AND STORE.
* * *	* * *
WITH A pitying glance.	AND EVERYTHING.
* * *	* * *
AND THEN I went.	I THANK YOU.
* * *	
TO ANOTHER store.	

AT THE WRONG END

Mose: "Say, Sam, how you all gettin' on with that theah saxophone of youahs?"

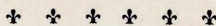
Sam (slowly and sadly): "Mose, ah cain't just unnerstan' it. Ah blows in de sweetes' noises you evah heered, but the mos' hell of a blah always cum out th' othah end."



A Splendid Example of Outfitting Work by "The Big Store"

The above photograph was taken in Uniontown, Pa. shortly after the Police Department of the H. C. Frick Coke Company had been outfitted with uniforms at "The Big Store". Our Uniform Department does

quite a business in outfitting such organizations and can point with pride to many similar groups that have been given our service in this manner.



Short Snaps From Men's Clothing

Ted Brown is about to edit a new dictionary of his own language. He will have many peculiar words in it.

Mike Kline is becoming a big man. He is following the steps of Harry Morris. Mike is six feet tall now.

Futerman is still going over big with the women. He's some sheik, wears his pants 22 knee and 20 bottom.

Silverberg is growing a "summer moustache"—some are on one side and some are on the other.

Sam Bonn is now over in our new "Prep Shop."

Chas. Cohen, one of our new men, sings over the radio. Listen in on him some night and you'll hear some real music.

Mike Kline is getting popular of late. Girls are calling him up on the 'phone, also coming in to see him. Tell us how you do it, Mike.

"Red" Ainsworth is the jolly boy of the Overcoat Department. He's always full of pep.

ANNOUNCEMENT

By the request of the first floor table contingents, we wish to announce that Dad McCrea, who is everybody's friend and is always helping others, celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary on Saturday, October 18, 1924. He was honored by many of his friends and received many valuable gifts. We wish to congratulate him and hope he will enjoy many more happy anniversaries.

NOTICE

The Contract Department is now located on the Eleventh Floor in connection with the Interior Decorating Department. Please direct customers accordingly.

—From the Office of the Gen. Superintendent.

Former Co-Worker Acts as Hostess

Mrs. E. J. Keenan, who before her marriage was a member of the Bureau of Employment, was the hostess at a party given in her home in Avalon early last month. Quite a few of the store people were in attendance and made a very pleasant evening of it, contributing to the merriment by indulging in funny Halloween pastimes.

Mr. Keenan the host, made many friends with his kitchen service and the hilarity waxed strong until the wee sma' hours of the morning. Few of the guests cared to leave when the time came, so enjoyable was the affair, and all thanked the young couple most heartily for the excellent entertainment.

Drug Stock Room Chatter

Why do Jerry and Esther argue so much? Is it because true love never runs smooth?

Mrs. Baird has been suffering with hay fever and we all hope that she will soon be her happy self again.

Christine in the Receiving Room is always on the job and the Drug Department has no chance for a complaint when she's about.

Some Race Horse

A frigid-faced wife met a tired business man at the door one evening and silently proffered a bit of paper, and on it was written: "All set for three, Lillian M."

Hubby paled and laughed nervously: "Oh, yes, the boys at the office wanted me to put a little bet down on the third race, and Lillian M. was my horse."

Next evening wifey had an even stonier face.

"What's wrong now?" asked hubby.

Wifey snapped: "Your horse called you up."

THE STORAGRAM

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DECEMBER 1924

Our Escalators Are Completed

The long awaited day of completion arrived with almost surprising swiftness because we were not given a real peek at the extent of the work until the framework surrounding it was removed. The dream of the executives, the plans of architects and engineers formed itself into a gigantic reality and the greatest escalator system in the world pierced our store from the Basement to the Ninth Floor.

This latest proof of "The Big Store's" greatness is probably the greatest achievement in improving our store that has been made. Now we take pride in being the only store on earth with ascending and descending stairways to and from ten selling floors.

And well we should be proud, for Kaufmann's has ever been a trail-blazer rather than the trail-follower, always in the fore with the latest improvements of service and system. Merchandising events of magnitude, startling display ideas effectually carried out, novel systems of operation—all originate with amazing frequency right within our walls.

The 40,000 daily carrying capacity of our moving stairs should relieve elevator traffic considerably in the store and it is hoped that salespeople will help accomplish this relief by suggesting to customers the handiness of our escalators. Store traffic is daily becoming a more difficult problem to solve and we must keep abreast of its progress or be defeated by it.

The Eleventh Commandment

Someone, somewhere, said once upon a time, "The Eleventh Commandment is a composite of the ten our mothers taught us—and it is only four words in length, "Mind Your Own Business!" Isn't it only too true, that this one admonishment if respected would prevent us from violating any of the ten we try to abide by?

So many people are so tangled up in the affairs of others that they make a frightful mess of their own lives. So many of us interfere with the business of our neighbors that we lose our reputations as friends—and what's more important in life than the business of making friends?

The Eleventh Commandment is worth respecting and those who respect it are worth having as friends. Don't burden yourself with the troubles and worries that belong to others. Life will be a more pleasant existence if you only mind your own business.

The Vacation Savings Plan

With the recent closing of the 1924 Christmas Savings Plan, thrifty fellow workers are now turning their attention toward the Vacation Savings Plan about to begin operation. In each Plan the number of depositors is increasing each year and it is pleasing to note that the saving habit becomes more firmly affixed with us as time passes. Thrift is the cardinal virtue of success and people of ambition are quick to realize its character-building qualities.

Now about that vacation you are planning for next year. Is it going to be a haphazard, ill-planned affair, or are you building upon a certainty by saving a little each week? A vacation, no matter of what length it may be, is one period in your year when complete enjoyment is most necessary. A little bit each week placed in our Vacation Savings Plan will insure you of a vacation free from financial worries at least, and from what we know of vacations, money worries are the greatest.

See either Miss Keefe or Miss Curtin of the Club Credit Department on the Eighth Floor about making your registration for the 1925 Vacations Savings Plan. First payments will be made on the first Tuesday in January.

Young Men's Club Elects Officers

At a meeting last month, the Young Men's Club of "The Big Store" elected its officers for the coming term. A fair attendance and spirited balloting marked the election, while the business matters were dispensed with speedily.

The officers elected to the various offices are as follows: President, Morris Leon; Vice-President, J. Meta; Secretary, W. Killeen; Treasurer, Louis Edward Leon. Brief talks by the new officers were given, several discussions upon pertinent club matters followed and the meeting then adjourned at 7:50 P. M.

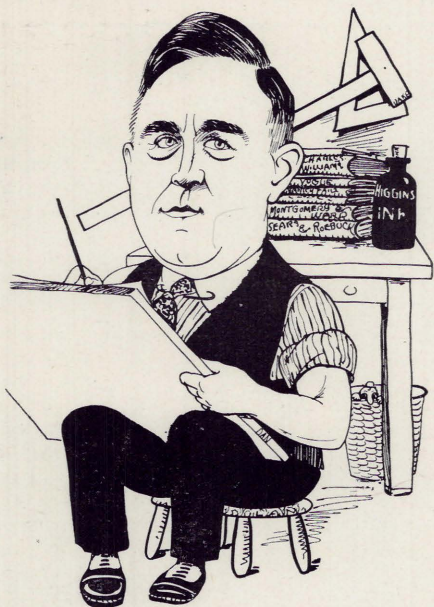
The club is planning desirable winter activities and the young men of the store who have not already joined will find it well worth their time to do so now. Mr. Greene is taking new memberships as they come and has requested that we repeat our former notices asking for new members

This Is Important

The next edition of "The Storagram" will be issued on Tuesday, January 20. It is important that all news items and personals be sent in before the first of the month.

Please send all contributions to the Editor on the Tenth Floor before the closing date. Every co-worker in the store is considered a reporter and should feel free to make contributions regularly.

If you bought a wedding present, and the invitation came at a time when you couldn't spend as much as usual. And you particularly requested that the salesperson make a gift package out of it, and to be sure to keep the check out of the package. And the bride would tell you some weeks later how sweet your gift was, and how reasonable it was at \$5.95?



Mr. Detrick Makes His Bow

This is the first time Mr. Detrick has been subjected to the indignity of a cartoon and we think he bears up under the ordeal rather well, don't you? He's a very popular chap about the Ad Office and is one of the best gum-chewers in the business.

Personals

Florence Ramsey—We all may think she is rather quiet and very small, but nevertheless she is our boss and well liked by everyone. Best of success is wished to you, Miss Ramsey.

Peggy Craig—Better known as our "Bashful Baby"—but this little girl has a winning smile and a vamping eye. Watch out, boys!

Florence Simon, doesn't have that big "Smile" or that sweet "Hello," these last few days. Ask her why? Because her sweet Daddy went a hunting for a bunting—but maybe he will bring her a sparkler. We all hope so. Don't you Florence?

Ruth Immler, better known as our "Song Bird" and "Piano Tickler." Ask Ruth for all the latest songs and all the Northside news.

Louise Smith—better known as our "Lady of Shiek-esse's," "She's in love with everyone but the one who's in love with her" but "Maybe" on "Some Sunny" Day she will be going "Down the long, long trail" with her Jimmy.

Anna Thomas—better known as the girl with the "Million Dollar Smile" and one of the best workers.

Clara Hecht—better known as the "Dancing Kid." Give her a June night and a moonlight waltz with her George and she's satisfied.

Agnes Scharding—better known as "Jolly Jingles." She makes everybody laugh although they are sick. "Smile and the world will smile with you" says Agnes.

Esther Guiney—just known as our newcomer, but rather nice and well liked by everyone.

Interest and Work

These two things alone are the greatest assets of the individual. For what you like to do, you generally do with all your heart. Part of your recompense may come in money. Part may be paid in fame. But the biggest and best part is the joy of doing what you wish to do. That is the payment that strikes nearest to the heart's desire. And *that is success.*

No man succeeds who lacks interest in his work.

This is a pretty broad statement, but show us the exception and we will show you proof of the rule. Interest creates imagination. Imagination begets enthusiasm. Enthusiasm stimulates effort and effort produces results.

Interest and work! We should have added patience. You can't always do the very things you want to do at the very moment you may want to do them. Circumstances and conditions do not always permit. Maybe too, this is for the best, for very often the whim of the moment is best unsatisfied.

If however, you set your mind on the main objective and keep patiently working, you will find that everything you do, no matter how foreign it may seem, will bring you one step nearer to the goal that you have set out for.

And what about discontent? Men must always be discontented. The failure finds fault because he is a failure. The successful man is discontented because success demands increased success. One sighs about the world that conquers him. The other sighs for other worlds to conquer. Now while you are living, do the thing you like to do. Learn to like your work. Success is the Interest for your work.

MIKE IS SOME QUEEN

It looks rather odd when a fellow borrows powder from a girl to go to a dance. Don't worry, Mike; the girls will dance with you just the same. Girls, any time you run short, just visit Mike, the Overcoat Stock Boy!

Signs On The Backs of Fords

"A Skin You Love to Touch."
 "No Chickens Allowed."
 "One Car in a Million."
 "The Uncovered Wagon."
 "Left Flat—No Pump"
 "The Baby's Got a New Rattle."
 "Pray as You Enter."
 "So I Took the \$50,000.00 and Look What I Got."
 "Four Wheels All Tired."
 "Room for One More Mama."
 "I'm Old and Slow Now; but I Was Fast When I Was Young."
 "One Born Every Minute."
 "Pair o' Dice Lost."
 "Dangerous but Passable."
 "Imagine our Lizzie—Manhandled."
 "I Never Walk Home."
 "Look Out for Quick Stop When All Four Wheels Brake."
 "No Leaks Since 1892."

—The October Leak.



The First Depositors of our New Savings System

Mrs. O. M. Kaufmann Recovers

Store people will be pleased to know that Mrs. O. M. Kaufmann, wife of our Treasurer, has recovered from the effects of her recent operation. Mrs. Kaufmann was operated upon for appendicitis a few weeks ago and has steadily improved since she left the hospital.

We trust that her good health will stay with her and hope her recovery is complete and permanent.

HOLINESS

If all the carts were painted gay
And all the streets swept clean,
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between.

If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones,
If all the people that we know
Were dressed in scarlet gowns,
With feathers in their crowns,

I think this gaiety would make
A spiritual land.
I think that holiness would take
This laughter by the hand,
Till both should understand.

—John Drinkwater.

Boosts for the Furniture Department

The following are excerpts from statements made by customers who find our store service satisfactory and are kind enough to praise it.

"I can always get what I want in your Furniture Department. The selection is better and the prices are lower."

To Mr. Kolling from Mrs. J. J. Greene, 5516 Kentucky Ave., E. E.

"I find active service when in your store, and in the Furniture Department particularly."

Mrs. C. L. Clinton, Proprietor of Hotel Chatham.

"Without Kaufmann's 'The Big Store' I would feel lost."

Mrs. G. R. Lyon, 332 Lincoln Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

"I must confess that I cannot be pleased outside of Kaufmann's 'The Big Store'. I have tried them all but am always compelled to return to the old standby, Kaufmann's. For selection and price, I always tell my friends to go there."

J. J. Martin, 235 Oakland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Go where you will, you can't beat Kaufmann's. My family, my father, mother and all my friends buy not only their furniture but everything, in 'The Big Store'."

Mrs. E. B. DeFord, 607 Sandusky St., North Side.

Customer—"Where can I find petticoats?"

Mr. Landenberger—"Have you tried the curio department?"



A Warehouse Wrestling Match

Red O'Connor and Mrs. Daniels in a friendly catch as catch can bout.

An Editorial

This is the time of the year we are busiest and are most in need of conscientious employees. There is a strain on all of you, to keep up in the face of adversity and hard work. The hours are longer, more customers to satisfy. Of course it is hard, but it gives you the opportunity to show just what you can do, and how well it can be done.

It is quite important that you keep advised regarding the location of different departments. Doubtless, many questions are being put to you, and more often you are required to act as a sort of a store directory. Several of our floors have been changed around and some added.

The store officials will appreciate your co-operation, because its success depends upon it. Without you it could not exist, but with you both profit.

As an employee of "The Big Store," the writer can justly make this appeal to you, understanding the many obstacles that have to be removed. With a little more than usual effort, these obstacles can be surmounted and the work made easy. It all depends on the individual.

Down Where the Vest Begins

Down where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little longer.
That's where the Vest begins;
Down where you wish you were a little slighter
Where the shirt that shows a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter,
That's where the Vest begins.

Forget Your Handicaps—Don't Let Them Block Your Success

So many of us who fail to do things when the opportunity comes, lay the blame on our infirmities or our surroundings.

We say, "others can do it, but we cannot because we are handicapped in one way or another."

When the time comes to do things, then is the time to forget our handicaps.

During the late war, a certain young soldier who had lost an arm and who should have been in the hospital, persisted in going to the front, arriving there just as an attack was on. Too late to make him go to the rear they let him stay and fight.

And after the fight, the report read: "It is true that Tom Watson had lost an arm, but he forgot all about it when he had to fight."

A certain Western state once offered a prize of \$100 in gold to the public school student who would make the most improvement in penmanship in one year.

Thousands of children tried for it and when the papers were examined, a little girl named Mary Brown won the prize.

Nothing strange about that, except that Mary had no fingers on her right hand and she had learned to write holding her pen between her thumb and her palm.

How many of us would have tried for that prize if we had been handicapped with a sore finger much less have lost all our fingers?

It is not handicaps that keep us from doing things, it is the lack of disposition to do things in spite of all our handicaps.

When the time comes to do things, forget your handicaps.

Are you going to claim what is yours, or are you going to let some "mostly imaginary" handicap stand in your way?

—Charles Franklin Jones.

Millionaires' Sons Become Clerks

We have at hand a newspaper clipping telling us of two future millionaires who have started their business careers as clerks in a department store in Albany, N. Y. Charles H. Sabin and Raymond Mellen, both heirs to large fortunes, were students at Williams College together, toured Europe after graduation and when they returned recently resolved to start at the bottom of the business ladder. They have taken a couple of rooms near their place of employment and intend to live strictly within their incomes.

Young Sabin is the son of the internationally famous banker, while Mellen is the son of the former president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

This should be an interesting item for the chap who thinks there isn't much future in department stores, or the other fellow who believes there isn't enough to learn in them.

First Golfer: "Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife."

Second Golfer: "Did I? Well you take a shot at mine."



Educational Notes

Mrs. Jones enters the Stationery Department and examines some boxes of pound paper placed on tables in the aisle. Finally a salesperson at the other side of the table wakes up to hear Mrs. Jones addressing her.

Mrs. Jones—"What finish is this?"

S. P.—"Why er-a- smooth."

Mrs. Jones—"Smooth! Isn't all stationery smooth?"

S. P.—"Which?"

Mrs. Jones—"What is the difference between these two kinds of paper?" (Designating a \$0.50 and \$0.65 box.)

S. P.—"The 65-cent one is better."

Mrs. Jones—"Is it? Why?"

S. P.—"It costs more so it must be better."

Mrs. Jones—"Which is being most used,—the folded or single sheet?"

S. P.—"Just a matter of taste."

Mrs. Jones—"Is there any difference between men's and ladies'?"

S. P.—"Oh, either will do."

Overhearing such a sale (dare we call it that?) makes one wonder how enthusiasm can be so far in the background in a department where so many interesting questions could be satisfactorily answered, and at Christmas of all times in the year. On second thought, isn't the same thing true about every department? When we consider that a department store brings its wares from all parts of the globe. Afghanistan, Persia, China, Russia, Italy—doesn't it make merchandising a fascinating study? But we must know about our merchandise and be able to talk about it intelligently before we really enjoy selling it. And how do we get this so-called "intelligent stuff?"

Naturally, knowledge of merchandise can best be learned in the department where you are going to work and the way to learn is to ask questions of the buyer or older salespeople in your department, but there are many helps and guides which have been made just for your benefit, to help you to get more information as quickly as possible. Among these helps are the questionnaires, which you can have for the asking; and who, I wonder, does not know what a volume of information is contained in small books called Merchandise Manuals? If you do not know—you'd be surprised. In addition to these, handling the goods themselves is most essential. Find out why one piece of merchandise sells for a higher price than the one displayed on the next table or rack. Don't say to your customer, "It is prettier" or "It looks better." Show her why it is more attractive to the eye or to the touch. Draw her attention to its sheen and luster. Explain to her that it will wear better because there are more threads to the inch of the material or that it has been sun bleached rather than chemically bleached and consequently there has been no weakening in the strength of the fiber.

Do not take it for granted that your customer knows all these things, she does not, any more than you knew

all about them before you began handling this particular merchandise. But the buying public is fast learning to judge qualities, yes, sad to say, it is learning to be a better judge of merchandise than some of us. Have you ever been embarrassed because you were unable to answer a question asked by a customer? I think this experience has happened at one time or another to each of us. Now you may not know the first time you are asked a thing, but the second time there is no excuse. Customers will ask more questions at Christmas time than ever, so be prepared.

The salesperson who is up on her toes, anxious to learn, always reaching out for more information, and grasping at every opportunity that comes her way, is going to get the farthest and make the greatest headway in the coming rush.

Do you know everything carried in your department? I dare say there is some small item hidden on a remote shelf that has escaped even the keenest eye.

Did this ever happen to you?

Mrs. Jones stopped at an aisle where gloves were on sale, began looking at them. A salesperson approached and said "Something?"

Picking up a pair of kid gloves, Mrs. Jones said, "Do you have this style in size 6½?"

S. P.—"These are just odd sizes. We have something at the counter for \$1.75."

Mrs. Jones—"Are they as good quality as these?" (The gloves on the table were on sale for \$1.95.)

S. P.—"Oh, yes, just as good."

Mrs. Jones—"Let me see a pair."

She went behind the counter and fumbled thru some boxes. Another salesperson asked what she was looking for and added, "There are only a few sizes left. They're in with the \$2.00 ones." Without looking further she returned and said, "I guess we're out of your size."

How does this feeble attempt at selling appeal to you? If she had been on the job, she would have known what she had to offer before her customer asked. The result was a dissatisfied customer and a lost sale. Why did she probably go under her "day?"

Many factors may have entered in but perhaps—just perhaps—it was because she had not done any scouting around. If you know what merchandise you have, and all about it, you cannot help but be enthusiastic over it, and if you have real enthusiasm you cannot help but transfer it to your customer, which means that you have more than sold the goods.

For 100% enjoyment of our work, you see, two things are absolutely essential: First—an *understanding* of what we have, how it may be used, why it is expensive or inexpensive as the case may be, its wearing qualities and the like; and second, *full knowledge* of exactly what is on the shelves, what is in reserve stock, and the location of similar stock if carried elsewhere in the house. This will mean better *service* and more sales.

There are four kinds of salespeople:

- Be the latter; know your stock; have confidence in your own knowledge. This will enable us to offer many helpful suggestions to the eager interested Christmas shopper.

Haughty Hattie was a girl on the aisle
Placed there by a floorman, not without guile;
For Hattie was beautiful, stately and tall,
But her merchandise interested her, well, not at all;
He thought in the rush and the crush of the day,
Hattie might grasp the dear Public's way,
But Hattie just stood there and gazed into space;
And customers passing only quickened their pace.
Or if they did dare to admire her stock,
Hattie still stood there, dumb as a rock,
'Till finally one day (it's painful to tell)
A girl took her place,
Who Wanted To Sell.

The Book Department also had a Children's Story Hour on Saturday morning, November 15th. The place looked like a kindergarten, there were so many kids around, and some who were not children. Mrs. Nesbit of the Carnegie Library, was the Story-Teller.

STERLING PRICE.

STERLING PRICE.

Farmer: "Not so much. We've had a party line for years."—*Ex.*



The Warehouse folk were sadly grieved to learn of the death of Mr. C. C. Booth, father of the Misses Nancy and Fern Booth, who passed away on November 30th after a lingering illness. Our condolences are extended to the bereaved family.



"MADONNA WITH MUSICIANS" By ANTEO CARTE

One of the paintings purchased by Mr. E. J. Kaufmann following the International Exhibit at Carnegie Art Galleries



To Our Readers

May this Christmas be the best, merriest and happiest of your lives and may the coming year bring you fortune and health in abundance---is our season's greeting to all.

A Merry Christmas.

"The Storagram"

Forbes Street Warehouse Notes

On Tuesday, November 11th, the Forbes Street Warehouse Package Chauffers received from the "Big Store" a space for a Reading and Rest Room. It was dedicated by Mr. A. B. McClure, one of the oldest men in the Delivery Department, in a very elegant speech. All the boys were overjoyed and surprised, and promised to take the same care of it as they would were it their own home. Mr. Heck also delivered a short and interesting talk, and every one that attended thanked Mr. Hanlan for his great and successful efforts in obtaining it for their benefit.

Another interesting thing happened that week. Mr. Kelly was surprised when all his co-workers gathered and made him a presentation in honor of his twelve years of service with "The Big Store". What was it, Dave?

Mr. Geo. Kennedy the wonder package maker and Bill Matthews one of his understudies ran a special fifty yard foot race. The latter, because of his youth—won by a hair. We don't know what the bet was. Who does?

It is too bad that "The Big Store" does not equip the Forbes Street Warehouse with a couple of Bowling Alleys for Mr. Erb and Mr. Gavin's benefit.

Says the Sage of the Forbes Street Warehouse, "Why did Mr. Hanlan go on a hunting trip?"

I suggest that we get Mr. Harman a pair of roller skates. Ask him why, J. I. G.

Two of the oldest members of the Delivery Dept., Mr. McMahon and Mr. Upheil met their mates. Ask them the results. They have our best wishes and sympathy.

The Warehouse Sorters are organizing a basket-ball team. They are Taylor, Graham, McMahon, Schafer, Fredinella, and Hoffman, Manager.

Mr. Downey and Connelly, the chauffeurs that drive between the store and the warehouse, are always panning someone. I wonder who they are giving it to now.

Mr. Walker, the driver who goes to the wilds of the Monongahela Valley ought to get a bed and stay in the Garage. He is on the job so early.

Mr. Euler is enjoying very good health after his recent illness caused by eating too many doughnuts.

Miss Russman our efficient and well-liked Cashier is still with us and getting along fine.

Mr. Kuhns is still one of the directors of the Forbes Street Warehouse, he is the head of the Pushers.

Mr. Biggs our venerable associate saw many a Christmas rush and is still on the job for the one coming.

"We are all set for a Big Christmas Rush—Let's Go."

The New Forbes Street Delivery Choral Society, which is composed entirely of chauffeurs, Eugene Heck, Bill Uhler, Clarence Meyers, Eddie O'Connell, Alex McLure, Frank Mahon, will sing daily beginning December:

1. "I hate to get up early in the morning."
2. "Let not thy brains be dusty."
3. "Leave me alone and the world is mine."
4. "Get the lead out of your feet."
5. "A bent fender means more than the world to me."
6. "Keep thy chains repaired."

7. "I'll meet you in the new rest room."

8. "Abide with me until the Christmas bells ring."

9. "I'll be back on time Ida Darling."

10. "Smile like you was getting your picture took."

It is not quite customary to clean house during the month of October and November but somebody said: "Paint," and the extra crew got on the job, because we want to look nice out here same as you fellows do at the store. Yes, we are proud of it and why shouldn't we be.

Walter Lubic the new acquisition in the Return Goods Dept. is getting along very good on his new position under the tutelage of Mr. Armstrong.

Talking about the Return Goods Department, it has been a long time since the "Storagram" has heard anything from them, but the work goes on so smoothly over there under the "New System" that unless you should drop in between 12 and 2 P. M., or 4 and 6 P. M., you would scarcely know that there is such a department. The two men employed in this work are handling approximately 400 packages a day and have the goods in the hands of the Floor Superintendents at or before 8:20 A. M., each day. This is accomplished, not so much because of the "System" which by the way is a good one, but because of the courteous and hearty co-operation of the Drivers and Helpers. What else could you expect from such a bunch of "Regular Fellers"?

Trouble Card

I take this opportunity to say just a few words in regard to the ever recurring and occurring troubles found in our cars when they buzz into the garage after a day of wear and tear. Well, I know little attention was paid to defects in many of the cars and up to the time of assuming my charge I can safely draw the conclusion, that there never was much consideration paid to *Trouble Cards*. Now, I am highly elated over our system and can pick up any T. C. and readily see just what is what and who is who.

It is the promptness, the loyalty and the ready co-operation on the part of our chauffeur friends in reporting every minor defect of a car that has assured lasting success in this important matter. And I take this means of cordially thanking each and every one of you and I add that since you have been good to me, I'll be with you all the time and will be only too glad to be of service to you in whatever you may ask of me.

Let's continue to work even more team-like and we will all fare well, and success will be with us all the time.

My good will goes out especially to three stand "Pats" namely: Christ, Sam and the most eminent Rev. Mr. Dr. Brown, whom I congratulate for their aid in attaining the present standard, which I enjoy so much.

CHARLEY.

"A minute of care is worth an hour of repair."—
H. A. Waltz, Chauffeur.

SUGGESTION CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

For Suggestions Made During Oct. and Nov.

October

Wm. Wray.....	Housefurnishing Dept.....	\$15.00
M. C. Hock.....	Carpet Dept.....	10.00
H. Simon.....	Men's Clothing Dept.....	5.00
R. Kelly.....	Floor Superintendent.....	2.50
Lula Enricks.....	Main Office.....	1.00
Edw. Charles.....	Bureau of Adjustment.....	1.00
Elsie Stevens.....	Relief Cashier.....	1.00
Roslyn McCool.....	S Contingent.....	1.00
Ruth Barry.....	Service Desk.....	1.00
Elma Perkins.....	Bureau of Adjustment.....	1.00
P. J. Gavin.....	Forbes St. Garage.....	1.00
O. M. Voelker.....	Boy's Furnishing.....	1.00

November

First—D. Henry.....	Boy's Wash Suits.....	\$10.00
Second—M. L. Dunkel.....	Bureau of Employment.....	5.00
Third—Mr. Dinsmore.....	Floorman, 4th Floor.....	3.00
Fourth—H. C. Hock.....	Carpet Dept.....	2.00

\$1.00 EACH

J. Miller.....	Sporting, 2nd	Abe Block.....	Toys
M. Williams.....	Ladies' Dresses—Basement	J. Schaffler.....	Shoes—Basement
F. Kirk.....	Picture Packer	J. Brooks.....	Sporting
R. Kelly.....	Floor Supt. 9th Floor	E. Charles.....	Bureau of Adjustment
E. Johnston.....	Travel Bureau	D. Spisak.....	Sporting, 2nd
S. Lefkowitz.....	Men's Clothing, 2nd		

To Miss Nettie McKenzie

Our most hearty Christmas Greetings are sent along with the thousand and more wishes that your complete recovery will be in the very near future. We sincerely trust that the new-born year will be an era of happiness, peace and health to you.

YOUR STORE FRIENDS

Mr. Adams Addresses Store Class

Mr. E. T. Adams, our Advertising Manager, delivered a most interesting address upon Advertising to the members of the Store Executive Training Course last month. His speech dealt with the principles of advertising, the mechanics of it and our store's system of publicity work.

The policies that govern our newspaper advertising were touched upon and impressively explained by Mr. Adams, while some specimen advertisements of modern and other days were used to demonstrate the fact that our daily messages to the public improve perhaps in appearance but basically, they follow the lines of former days in their statements.

Mr. Adams has long been known to be consistent in his advertising beliefs and his address gave indubitable proof that this is so. It was a most interesting talk as we have said before and we think our Advertising Manager should accommodate us more frequently than he does.

Store People Aid In Hospital Drive

During the recent drive for the erection of a new Montefiore Hospital, a large number of our store people interested themselves in the work of collection. The drive was remarkably successful and the workers surpassed even their fondest hopes when they passed the two million dollar mark.

Many of our executives were large contributors, our President's contribution was one of the largest, and most of the store executives were actively interested in the work. Mr. Irwin D. Wolf captained the "Red Army" of collectors and proved to be a most resourceful leader.

Grandma's Birthday

Tomorrow is grandma's birthday; I wonder what she gets;

I know she wants a carton of her favorite cigarettes. She wants some low-heeled sandals, and hand-embroidered hose,

Or crepe de chine pajamas, she's daft about her clothes; A pocket flask, her's vanished the night our house was robbed.

She needs a curling iron, now that her hair is bobbed. Some classy new jazz records, all brimming o'er with pep.

She's taking dancing lessons and she does the latest step.

A SNAPPY "COMEBACK"

A young matron was discharging her parlor maid, and the parlor maid took it hard.

"Anyhow," she said, "I'm better lookin' than you are, madame—a darn sight better-lookin'. How do I know? Your husband told me."

She let that sink in well. Then she went on:

"I can kiss better'n you, too. Want to know who told me that?"

"Of course, my husband—"

"No," interrupted the parlor maid, "it wasn't your husband this time. It was your chauffeur."—*The Furrow*.



Mr. Schleicher in a Busy Moment.

This sketch was made by our artist just after Mr. Schleicher received a proof from the Advertising Department and that's the reason of our subject's worried look. The lamp beside him seems to be suffering from the same illness that often overtakes Barney Google's famous nag, "Spark Plug", but there are others on display in Mr. Schleicher's department that are much healthier.

FIRST FLOOR

The First Floor Contingents wish to announce the marriage of one of their members, Miss Clara Fleishner to Mr. George Hamrock on November 5, 1924. The table contingents sure did serenade her on Saturday, November 1, 1924, when she left to be married. We wish her luck and joy for the future.

MISS MANZ.

A Grumble Rumble

Ellen Manly

When a grumbler a grumbling has grumbled himself glum,

It is wise for the rest of the folks all to keep mum, For just as a snowball that's rolled in the snow, Will larger and larger soon rapidly grow.

A grumbler that's grumbled grows greater; and so When a grumbler's a grumbling best never come near, For a grumble's a failure with no one to hear.

When you are unhappy and the day seems long, Brighten things up with a smile and a song So take these few words as true, dear friends, For I have witnessed them again and again.

Many a long dreary day has flown, As quickly as a feather from the hand is blown, Because I took these simple words to heart, And made them do their little part.

By MARIE ZIMMERLY,

DONT MISS THIS

Rip Van Winkle awoke after his twenty year snooze: "Will you please ring that number again, operator?" he begged.

A LETTER OF GRATEFULNESS

The following letter was received shortly after our recent distribution of book covers to the parochial schools of the city. It speaks convincingly of the appreciation given us for this charitable work and is but one of the many similar expressions of gratitude.

The city's public schools all furnish book covers for use by the pupils but the parochial schools do not. Our store furnished the covers not only for all the parochial schools in the city, but for most of the schools in the Pittsburgh diocese.

Pittsburgh, Pa.,
October 29, 1924.

Dear Sir:

I wish to extend many thanks for the Book Covers. The children were delighted to receive them. So many books may be saved in this way. In our class-room we said a fervent prayer for Mr. Kaufmann's behalf as a token of our appreciation and thanks. May God reward him for the interest he took in the little school children.

Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,
SISTER MARY SABINA.

We are all for Mr. Drake
He may have faults and make mistakes
Even for this the dear old soul,
Is very much like old King Cole.

Here's to dear old Elsie Manz,
She always has her song and dance,
She growls at us from morn to night,
She uses her voice with all her might.
But even for this she is not to blame,
For we are very much the same.

Just a Little

To be a little more courteous than necessary—
To pay a little stricter attention than most people do, and consequently be a little more accurate than they are—

To be a little better informed than "the average"—
To work a little harder and a little more willingly than "the bunch"—

To be neat, modest and yet confident and aggressive—

To keep the mind on clean, useful thoughts—

To spend a little less than is earned—

To be happy and yet never self-satisfied—

Summed up, it all means being the person who not only gives most, but gets most out of the "job" and out of life.

For such people the latchstring of opportunity hangs out at many doors.

NO OPPOSITION

"Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Three aces."

"No, yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Two nines an' a razor."

"Yuh shoh do. How come yuh so lucky?"

—West Point Pointer.



Mrs. Ruth Romaine Gobrecht

Her many friends in "The Big Store" were grieved and shocked to learn of her death on Sunday morning, October 26, 1924. Mrs. Gobrecht before her death had been employed here for some time and is remembered as one who strove to please others, who made and kept the friendship of all her associates.

Her passing is deeply regretted and "The Storagram" extends family and husband the sympathy of her many friends here.

Boys' Hats and Furnishings

Looks like the tie that binds for Bessie Pearlman of the Hat Department.

Department 45 has a new golfer. Just ask Mabel Rhyner about the matter.

That new case trimmer of ours is certainly a wizard if there ever was one. Why not apply for a position, Mr. Voelker?

Miss Adelaide O'Brien is the bonus queen for Department 45.

Mr. West has a new suit but at this writing hasn't yet shown it in the department. Wonder where he got that pink shirt?

We all love our department.

Mr. Voelker of the Boy's Furnishings must have had his turkey dinner with the big, red apple. At least, he hasn't mentioned being disappointed over the size of the apple.—Davenport, Iowa Radiophone Station please copy.

"I get a nickle every time I cry."

"I've got you beat. I get a spanking from my father every time I cry and his time is worth \$10.00 an hour."



What's Wrong with this Picture?

They say that Eddie is one of the finest rug-hoppers in the city. He gets daily practice in the Victrola Repair section of the North Side Warehouse and uses excellent judgment in selecting his partners.

North Side Warehouse Notes

Dan Cupid has been at the North Side Warehouse and shot quite a few arrows, having struck William Bevilacqua of the Receiving Department; Florence Leonard and Dale Newmeyer of the Office, also J. O'Connors of the Elevator Service, and Ruth Duff of the Printing Department, who were married the day before Thanksgiving.

Isabelle Tracey is now in line with the girls of the office. They are all bobbed now.

Brady's burn will not leave a scar, will it Kathryn?

President Kraus has instructed Secretary McCarthy to call a meeting of the Grandmother's Club.

Fastian refuses to reveal the name of the doctor who gave him a prescription.

Jimmie Dunn makes a good best man for weddings. He is now open for engagements.

Brownie has his ups and downs every day (on the elevator).-

McCarthy believes in that saying, "Apple(s) a day keep the doctor away."

Since Walter O'Connors wears the new cap he was mistaken for a messenger boy.

Louie is now taking a course in painting.

Lately, Lindow has been gaining in weight. What's the reason, Miss Smith?

Miss Thompson of the Carpet Work Room was mistaken for a new girl when she had her hair bobbed.

Eddie Smitline of the Victrola Department got hooked for a buck at the International Harvester's Party. No more free parties for him.

We extend our sympathy to Jos. Schroffel in the loss of his brother.

Clarence of the Stock Department on the Seventh Floor is learning French. Be careful, Clarence, you know what they say about the French and besides you should brush up on United States.

Florence, Dale and Nancy are all engaged now—we wonder when it will all come off.

Webber on the Sixth, has been disappointed in love, after three years he has found her out, now he is trying to get his ring back. Tough luck, Webber.

Bill McCormick in the Victrola Department is going to hang his stocking up and see what Santa Claus brings him. I hope you don't get a doll, Bill.

Bill McCormick is having a hard time trying to get his girl to move to the city. He says he can't afford to spend three car checks each way. Of course, we know his mother makes his dates for him. Now that Bill is working in the Victrola Department, his mother predicts a musical future for him.

We are all glad to have you with us again Mr. Gottschaldt after your brief illness.

North Side Newlyweds

Mr. James O'Connor of the North Side Warehouse Elevator Service and Miss Ruth Duff of the Printing Department were united in Holy Matrimony Wednesday morning, November 26th, at St. Andrew's Church.

Both are extremely popular in our building across the river and ought to make a fine running team now that they are in double harness. "The Storagram" wishes them well and hopes that all will be smooth sailing ahead—and we hope they will keep in the news here as well.

A Beautiful Ninth Floor Now

'Member what an unsightly floor the Ninth used to be? 'Member the dismal stock-filled aisles and the intricate maze of passageways? And wasn't it a sight from the elevators?

Now look at the ugly duckling—it has been changed to one of the most beautiful in the store! An airy, well-lighted and roomy floor, beautifully set off by the various displays of merchandise and alive with the bustle of shoppers, is our new Ninth.

This Is Good

Last Christmas a Scotchman who had six children, came home and found them all in the parlor eagerly waiting for him and expecting a Christmas tree with all the trimmings. He went back into his room, removed his shoes, took a double-barrel shot gun from a rack on the wall and slipped out into the back yard; fired off both barrels, rushed in, slipped his shoes on again and announced to the horrified children that Santa Claus had just committed suicide.

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens, and to look upward to the stars. *Ovid.*

How Much Effort Are You Really Putting Into Pleasing Your Customers?

Someone has said that the "pleased customer" is the best business advertisement.

But I do not fully agree and prefer to change the thought so it reads like this:

"The best advertisement is the 'employee' who makes a business of pleasing the customer."

Now, before you can please others, you must be pleased yourself or be capable of acting as if you were pleased, so that others cannot tell the difference.

To give the right satisfaction to any customer, whether you are talking to her face to face or serving her in some way when she is not present, you have to be pleased with your job, pleased with the merchandise, and pleased with the thought that you are pleasing a customer. The only way you can please the customer is to really want to please her.

A story is told of a woman who was universally liked on account of her very pleasing manner. Everybody admired her and praised her.

Just the way she greeted you when she met you, compelled you to like her and want to be as pleasant as you possibly could yourself.

One day a friend called attention to her charming way of entering the parlor when a visitor arrived, and asked her how she managed to act so charmingly.

"I just make believe," said the woman, "that the person I am going to meet is someone I really like and am more anxious to see than any one else."

HERE IS THE SECRET OF MAKING OTHER PEOPLE LIKE YOU

Act as if you liked them. That is the best way of pleasing other people, and make them like you and the service you give them.

It is a state of mind on their part and it starts with a state of mind on your part.

You know that giving satisfaction is the door that leads to your future success. Now, I have given you the key to the door.

"Were You Satisfied With Your Work Today?"

Were you on time this morning, and did you have the covers off when the gong sounded? Did you feel fresh and enthusiastic, and that there was a day of opportunity ahead with a chance to make sales? Did you enter into things with an alert eye and clear brain, or did you start to work drowsily with your enthusiasm wrapped up in last night's dance and interests outside the store? Did you show goods today as if you enjoyed it, and did you talk to them enthusiastically? Think it over.

Was every customer approached with a pleasant smile, or a blank expression of indifference? Did you call attention to other merchandise after you had closed the sale, or did you think that you had done enough?—*Across the Counter.*

A rooster discovered an ostrich egg, and rolling it into the hen house said, "Now, ladies, I do not want to embarrass you, but here's a sample of what other folks are doing."—*Exchange.*



Mr. Hooper Is a Busy Man

The other day a friend of Mr. Hooper's pointed out of his office window to some towering skyscrapers and inquired: "What buildings are those?" Mr. Hooper, busy with his pen and drawing paper, reluctantly lifted his eyes to the window and exclaimed in surprise, "I don't know what they are, they weren't there the last time I looked out."

Contribution from Mailing and Stenographic Department

Miss Thelma Jackson, a prize winning beauty of the Mailing Department, recently won second prize at one of Miss Peggy Drake's Swimming Meets, held at the Natatorium. The prize was a beautiful string of pearls.

Flo Cohn, what do you mean by going to an Irish card party and winning first prize at euchre?

Sh! Don't tell anyone, but anyhow somethings 'spicious. Miss Pauley recently visited our Eighth Floor and bought a new suite of furniture. Ask for the date.

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. We hope this turns out so, in your case, Rose.

After an absence of a week, to recuperate, Miss Marie Bianchi, is back on the job again.

Heard in Miss Pauley's Office

"If that office doesn't have more crust than a bakery shop, I'll eat my hat."

Heard from one of the stenogs., as she was cancelling an order from L. Grief Co.

"Mr. Grief, will come to grief, when he gets this cancellation."

Alma, our new member, is some vamp. She is not particular as to the requirements of the opposite species. They can be of any size, shape, height, length, in fact any dimension. She vamps them just the same.

Margaret McKee, another new member of the force, doesn't have to try to vamp—but is always on the job.

Too Realistic

A surgeon was performing an operation on a patient when a fire started in a warehouse across the street, illuminating the whole operating room. Having finished, the doctor said to the nurse: "I think the patient is coming to; you had better pull down the shade. I don't want him to think the operation hasn't been a success."

Try It On Your Telephone

Did you ever stop to figure,
 You, who use the telephones—
 That the lines have certain limits
 Quite distinct from megaphones?
 One by one the calls are taken,
 One by one the signals fall;
 One by one the parties answer
 If they ever hear their buzzers call.

Calls are answered in the order
 That they reach the central board.
 Yours receives as prompt attention
 As skilled handling can afford.
 Why should precedence be given
 To your wants, before your turn?
 Does your doctor, lawyer, banker
 Such great worth in you discern?

And, another thing—don't grumble
 If toll service is more slow.
 It depends like trains and street cars,
 On the distance it must go.
 You would not expect to travel
 From New York to Timbuctoo
 Quite as quickly as a taxi
 Could traverse the city through.

Still one little thing in closing—
 Just because you're miles away,
 Don't bawl out the operator;
 Show a little chivalry.
 If you're peeved, you'd best forget it.
 But, whatever stirs your ire,
 Be a sportsman in your methods,
 Do not hide behind a wire.

Central girls are only human,
 Toiling for their daily bread.
 Do not add unto their burden;
 Try to help them out instead.
 "Inasmuch as ye have done it
 Unto one of these, mine own"—
 But of course you've caught the idea;
 Try it on your telephone.

—From *Dome Echoes*.

SOME PUTT!

The golfer gazed at his caddy indignantly, "A driver for this hole? Only 160 yards? Why, it's just a mashie and putt for me!"

Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand. Chug! The ball dribbled off the tee amid an eruption of clods.

There was an instant of silence, broken by the murmur of the caddy:

"Now for a helluva long putt."

HAT RACK

Customer—"I want a couple of pillow cases.

Clerk: What size?

Customer: I don't know, but I wear a size 7 hat.

AMT REC'D OR HOW SOLD *Chg* DATE *10/10*

CHARGE TO INITIAL LAST NAME

Mrs J H Louis

ADDRESS TOWN

*1662 Mt Canmont ST
 Pelier Pa.*

THE CORRECT ADDRESS IS:

1662 Montpelier Street,
 Dormont, Pa.

One Big Store's Instructions to Holiday Employees. Read This.

"Salesmanship in a broad sense, is the art of being useful to the public. You can best achieve success in selling by studying your merchandise, your customers and yourself—your manner, words and actions. Speaking for you, we have promised courtesy to every guest. First impressions and last impressions are equally important. Your method of approach and your opening words have a pronounced influence upon the sale. Your future depends upon your ability to bring the customer back to you and to the store. Your closing words and leave taking may be made the means of winning permanent patrons. Always say, "I thank you." From every sale glean valuable knowledge which you can apply to future selling."

Father O'Brien was taking up a collection for a new bell which was being installed in the church. So he came to one Irishman by the name of Dillon, and asked him to give a donation for this cause, whereupon Dillon gave him \$50.00. The priest came to Mr. Dolan next and asked him the same and received \$100.00 from him. He next visited the house of Patrick McCarthy who upon learning that the other two had given so much money, explained that he wouldn't have any other Irishman get ahead of him, so he gave Father O'Brien \$150.00.

The next Sunday Pat McCarthy started to dress for church, which was unusual for he hadn't been to church for 25 years and therefore shocked his wife who wanted to know if he were sick. Just as the bells started to toll for the services, Pat in anger, took off his Sunday clothes and started to swear and curse like anything, yelling, "Listen to them bells, all they're saying is Dillon, Dolan! Dillon! Dolan! and not a *damned* word about McCarthy."

Savings and Character

Savings represent much more than mere money value. They are proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can waste, any fool can muddle; but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves, the more of a man does it make of him. Waste and extravagance unsettle the mind of every crisis; thrift, which means restraint, steadies it.

—*Rudyard Kipling*.

RECENT TRANSFERS AND PROMOTIONS

Mrs. A. Burns	S. Cont. Sales to	6	Sales
L. R. Smith	32E Floorman to	137	Sales
Anna White	21 Sales to	32	Floorman
W. L. Smith	311 Disp. to	39	Floorman
M. Woods	S. Cont. Sales to	103	Sales
C. Curarada	N. Cont. Stk. to	190H	Stock
Robt. Osborne	11 Sales to	121	Assist.
E. Clark	Special Boy to	Shipping Room	
Irma Lynn	121 Stock to	121	Sales
Hannah Cousins	N. Cont. Cash. to	188	Cashier
Stephen Adley	N. Cont. Stk. to	44	Checker
J. S. Dickinson	S. Cont. Sales to	42	Sales
Wm. Killeen	190 H Stk. to	401	Helper
Ella Adler	N. Cont. Wrap. to	132	Wrapper
Eliz. Agnew	N. Cont. Cash. to	31	Cashier
Alice Conway	N. Cont. Wrap. to	182	Wrapper
Ella Frederick	N. Cont. Cash. to	182	Cashier
Helen Graf	N. Cont. Cash. to	182	Cashier
Eliz. Bush	S. Cont. Sales to	230	Clerk
Vincentia Orten	230 Clerk to	231	Authorizor.
Jane Gatto	N. Cont. Wrap. to	281	Wrapper
W. Fanning	S. Cont. Sales to	44	Sales
Alice Lewis	S. Cont. Sales to	20	Sales
Edna Neen	S. Cont. Sales to	5	Sales
Mary Hildebrand	N. Cont. Cash. to	187	Cashier
Sadie Johnson	333 Maid to	Gift Shop Maid	
Fitzpatrick	95 Sales to	185	Floorman
Mildred Smith	N. Cont. Stk. to	260	Tracer
Margaret DeHaven	S. Cont. Sales to	44	Sales
F. Hanril	N. Cont. Cash. Wrap. to	1	Cashier
Wayne Warren	530 Marker to	44	Sales
C. A. Dean	311 Director to	180	Floorman
A. G. Small	94 Sales to	44	Floorman
Emma Heath	S. Cont. Sales	3	Sales
James Hook	764 Car Washer to	44	Sales
David Rosen	14 Stock to	7	Sales
Thelma Willis	333 Maid to	44	7Maid
Jos. Meyers	N. Cont. Stock to	181	Stock
Katherine Gibbs	S. Cont. Sales to	37	Sales
Marcella Herbst	N. Cont. Cash. Wrap. to	144	Cashier Wrapper
C. B. Young	311 Director to	121	Floorman

As for "Dusty" Rhodes

Oh my, I just noticed that you can flash a smile that ought to win the nicest girl. Never mind my good old Driver of No. 11 Route, you're a congenial chap any way you take it. Your *red hair* don't mar your beauty. We need such heads, especially so, since the winter days are growing shorter, the nights darker and the street lights fainter.

CHARLEY

Mr. E. J. Kaufmann, President,
Kaufmann's Store,
Dear Mr. Kaufmann:

I desire to thank you for the courtesy and kind attention I received from a saleswoman in your store and feel that it is only right that I should make this acknowledgment to you and relate my experience.

I have never known how to sew (perhaps because I was never compelled to) but recently had the ambitious desire to make a dress for myself. I went to the "Vogue Pattern Department" and there would have lost my head in confusion at finding so many different patterns and styles that it seemed like a lot of Chinese Puzzles. But the saleswoman, Mrs. Agnew, was so patient and kind, so encouraging, explaining in such a simple manner just how to do everything, that I left there in a few moments with a pattern and purchased material for a dress.

The first dress was a splendid success and the joy of accomplishment was beyond words. I immediately purchased another pattern and more material which resulted in another success and now I am on my third pattern and dress in less than two months and all this joyous work was due to the great kindness that Mrs. Agnew showed me when I saw enough patterns to drown my desire in its infancy.

I have always received kind and courteous attention in all the departments of this very remarkable store, but this instance stands out to me, perhaps because I was so very timid about doing what I had never dared attempt before.

Thanking you for your work in conducting such a splendid store that is thoroughly appreciated by the people of this city, I remain,

BELLE BRADLEY.

TOO MUCH

Policeman (producing note book)—"Name, please."
Motorist—"Aloysius Alastair Cyprian."

Policeman (putting book away)—"Well, don't let me catch you again."

By the way did you ever hear the Irishman's definition of a Scotchman? It runs: "A guy who, when invited to a friend's house for a drink, eats salted peanuts on the way."

"You're the only girl I ever loved."
"Do you expect me to believe that?"
"Why not? Others have."



Mr. Taylor, Our New Cartoonist

Kaufmann's Dept. Store,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take this opportunity to compliment the Delivery Department of Kaufmann's "The Big Store."

I have been a charge customer at your store for over ten years and have been served by your delivery department more promptly and courteously than by any other organization with whom I have ever done business. I wish to especially mention the man who delivers on the truck which covers the Lawrenceville district.

Many people do not hesitate to complain when the service is poor and I believe that when it is as good as I have always found Kaufmann's to be, it should also be mentioned complementarily.

Yours truly,

MRS. ROSS E. JONES.

252 Forty-sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
October 21, 1924.

They call her "Angel Child" in the hospital. She was a small girl with a halo of golden hair and eyes of serene and saintly blue.

Each day in gentle tones she would inquire if it were Sunday or "God's Day," as she put it.

And each day the nurse would tell her "No." Perhaps it was Wednesday or Friday.

Finally Sunday came—and as usual, in sweet and dulcet tones, the "Angel Child" inquired: "Nurse, dear, is it God's Day today?" And the nurse replied, "Yes, dear."

The dulcet tones turned querulous and the reply was, "Well, then, where in Hell is the funny paper?"

This Takes A Lot of Patience

Every one of us perhaps have to listen to many queer and foolish questions, but our Mr. Johnston thinks his department takes the cake, or the cat's whisker as you will have it. Not long ago, on a very busy Saturday at a very busy hour, the phone rings. The voice at the other end states that it is the husband of a certain damsel in distress, who is somewhere on the balcony. Always striving to please, our "Shindig" asks for a description of the gentleman's better half. "Weighs about one-eighty, has on a black sailor hat and a fox collar," says our gentleman friend. She will be looking lost and I am sure you will find her without any trouble. It developed that our travel expert was a little off on his knowledge of foxes, and nearly lost his life because he could not guess weight. After several attempts, he told the voice on the phone that he regretted very much that almost every one of the large number of ladies weighed about that much, that foxes were too much in season, and that he never saw so many sailor hats in one place in his life. The man was finally satisfied that his wife was not around, but its hard to convince them that we are not running a page-ing system for them.

One of our nom-de-plumes reports another question for our vaudeville act of foolish questions. A lady got into the travel balcony in some way and asked for the checking room. She was told that it had been on the balcony at one time as she thought, but that it had been removed to the Basement. After receiving this information, she quietly asked if she would be directed to the Basement, if she went up or down.

Then, too, Pittsburgh has its share of "rubes" as will be found in any city. One particular case deserves mention here, being the first inquiry of its kind on record at our travel bureau. "Do you have a schedule of trains to Hulton Ferry up here?" Having produced said time table, the various trains are carefully studied for some moments when the inquirer asks again, "Do all these trains stop at Hulton Ferry?" "Yes, Madam," replied the informer, "all those marked in pencil." "Well, that's fine—now what is the fare?" Done. "Is it the same on Sundays as on other days?" "And do the trains go at the same time on Sunday as on week-days?" All these questions satisfactorily answered, our joyous matron goes on her way, and doubtless got on the wrong train after all.

Aunt:—"And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Gertie?"

Gertie:—Oh yes, Aunt, a man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, "No, thank you."

"How's your new office boy getting along?"

"Fine," was the reply, "he's got things so mixed up that I couldn't get along without him!"

"Have you forgotten that \$5 you owe me?"

"By no means, didn't you see me try to dodge into that doorway?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Two cross-eyed men bumped into each other. 'I wish you would look where you are going,' one complained. The other retorted, 'I wish you would go where you are looking.'"

WHY HE WASN'T PROMOTED

He grumbled.

He wasn't ready for the next step.

He did not put his heart in his work.

He ruined his ability by half doing things.

He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.

He was always a little behind hand.

He didn't believe in himself.

His stock excuse for his many mistakes was "I forgot."

And

He learned nothing from his mistakes.

Friends of Burt Amon of the Window Decorating Department are glad to learn that he has returned to work after several days confinement as the result of a serious attack of grip.

EVEN SO

When Adam, in bliss, asked Eve for a kiss,

She puckered her lips with a coo;

Then with look quite ecstatic she answered emphatic:

"I don't care Adam if I do."

—*Panama Headlight.*

SIX GOOD WORKING RULES

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

Do not be afraid to accept criticism—criticize yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.

Do not have the notion that success means simply money making.—*Impressions.*

Most of our industrial troubles are caused by workers who do not think and thinkers who do not work.

A good retail salesman never "hogs" it. He is willing to share his successful deals with his fellow workers.

EVEN AS YOU AND I

When Noah sailed the well-known blue,

He had his troubles as well as you,

For days and days he drove the ark

Before he found a place to park.

LEGAL AID BUREAU

Kaufmann's Protective and Beneficial Association

EMANUEL AMDUR, Esq., Counsel.

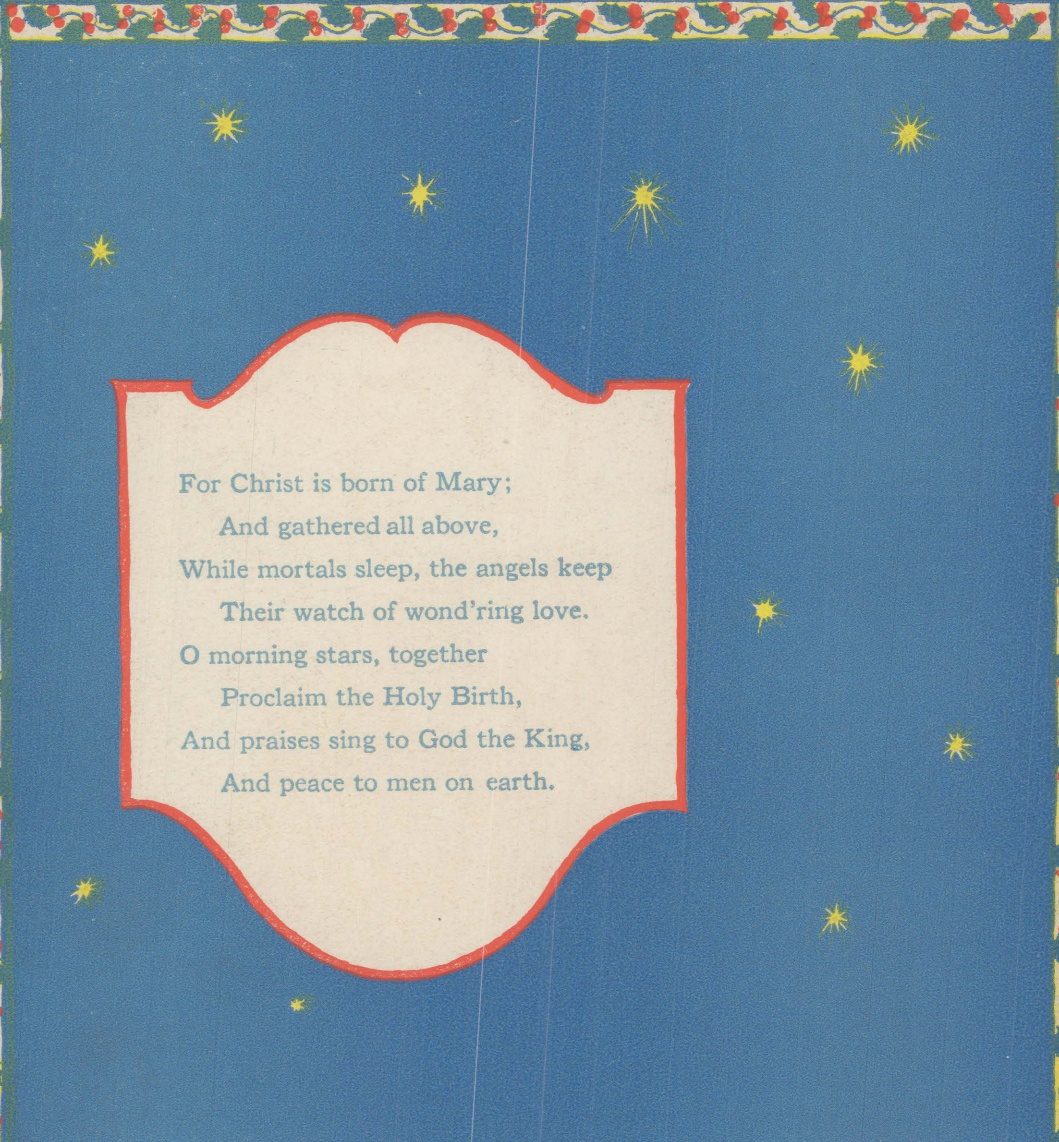
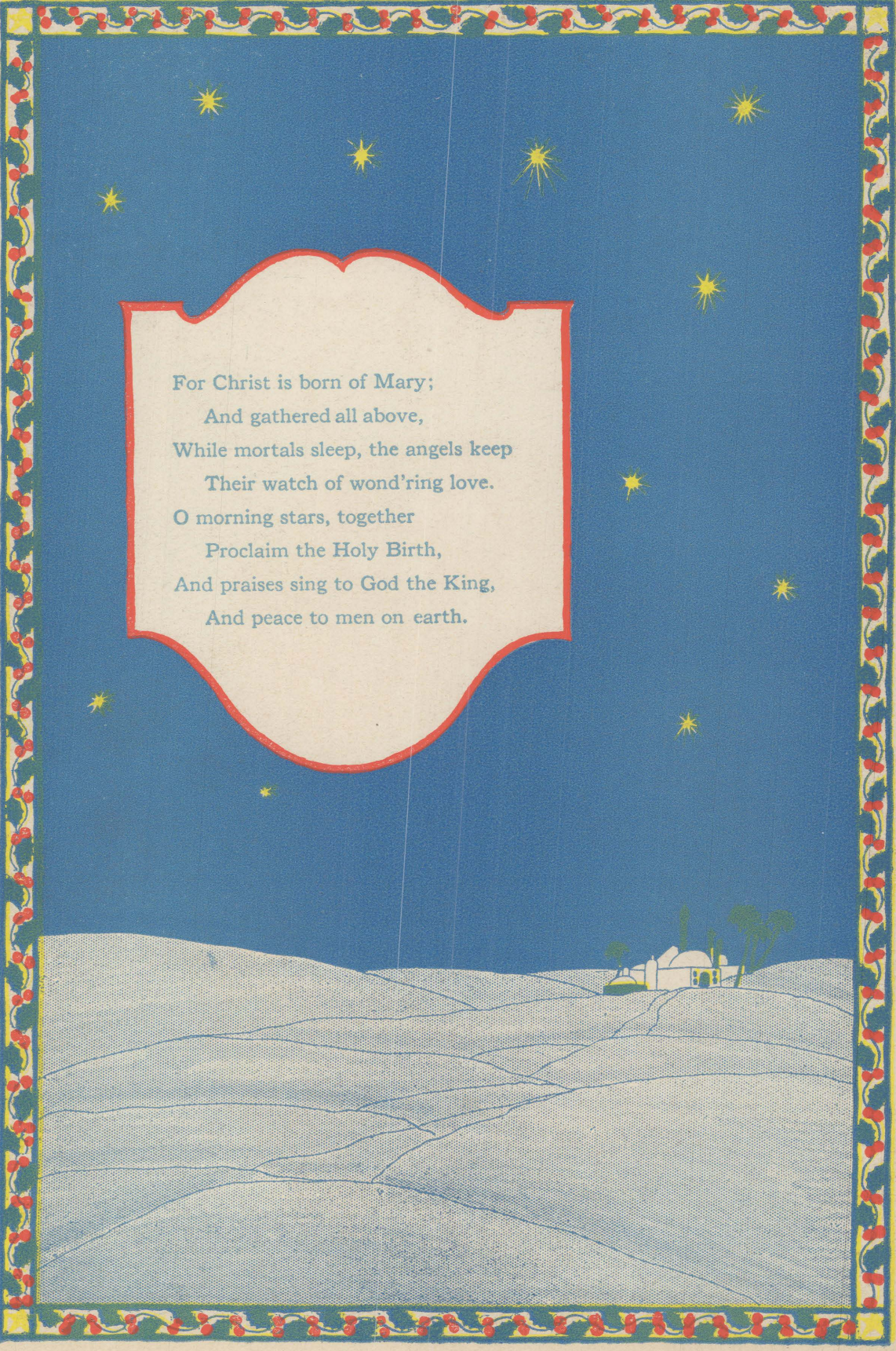
Legal advice furnished without charge to employees of The Big Store.

Office Hours: Wednesday and Saturday,
9 to 10 A. M.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SHOULD BRING AT CHRISTMAS---



---If some of us got what we really deserve.

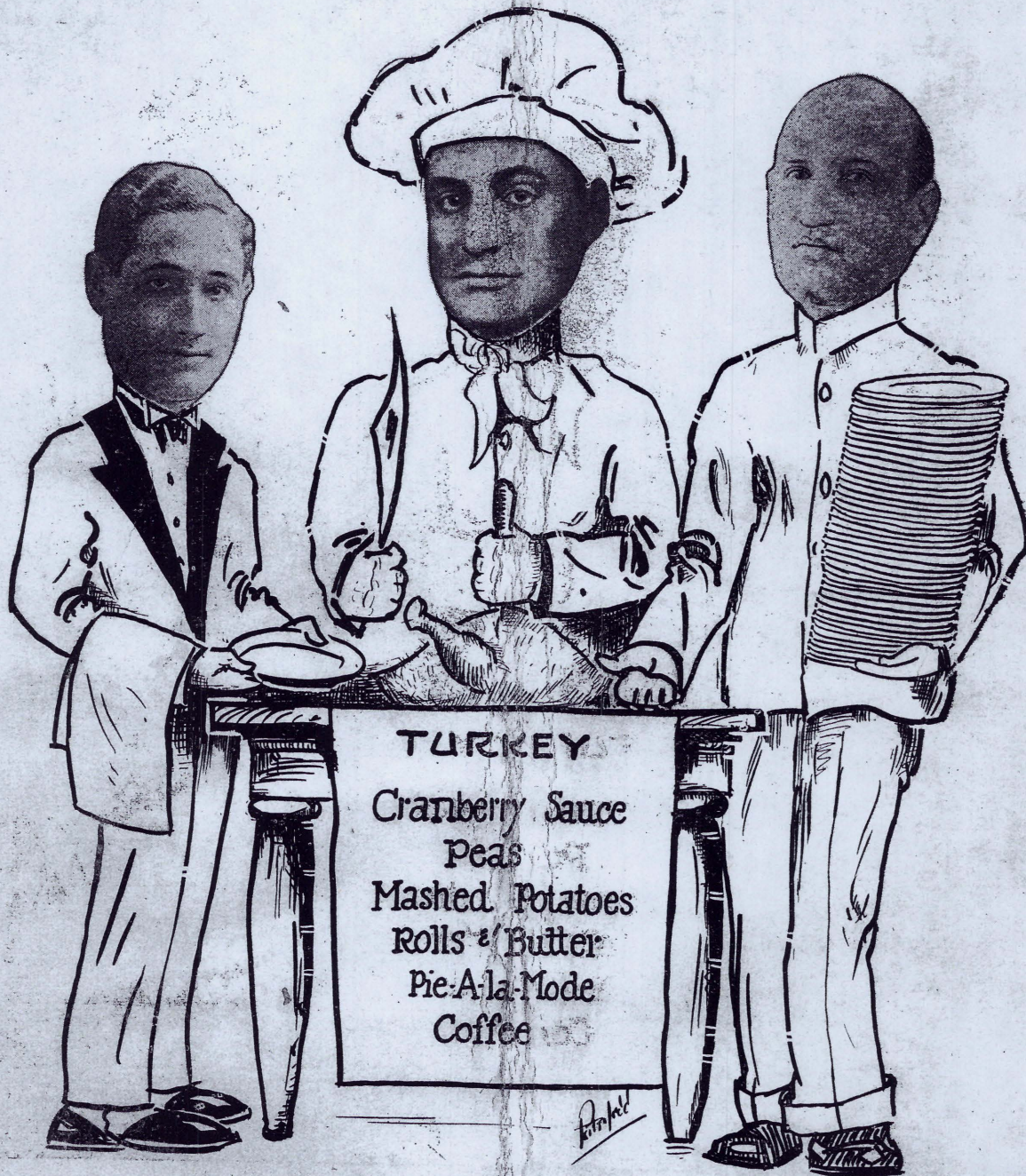


For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the Holy Birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

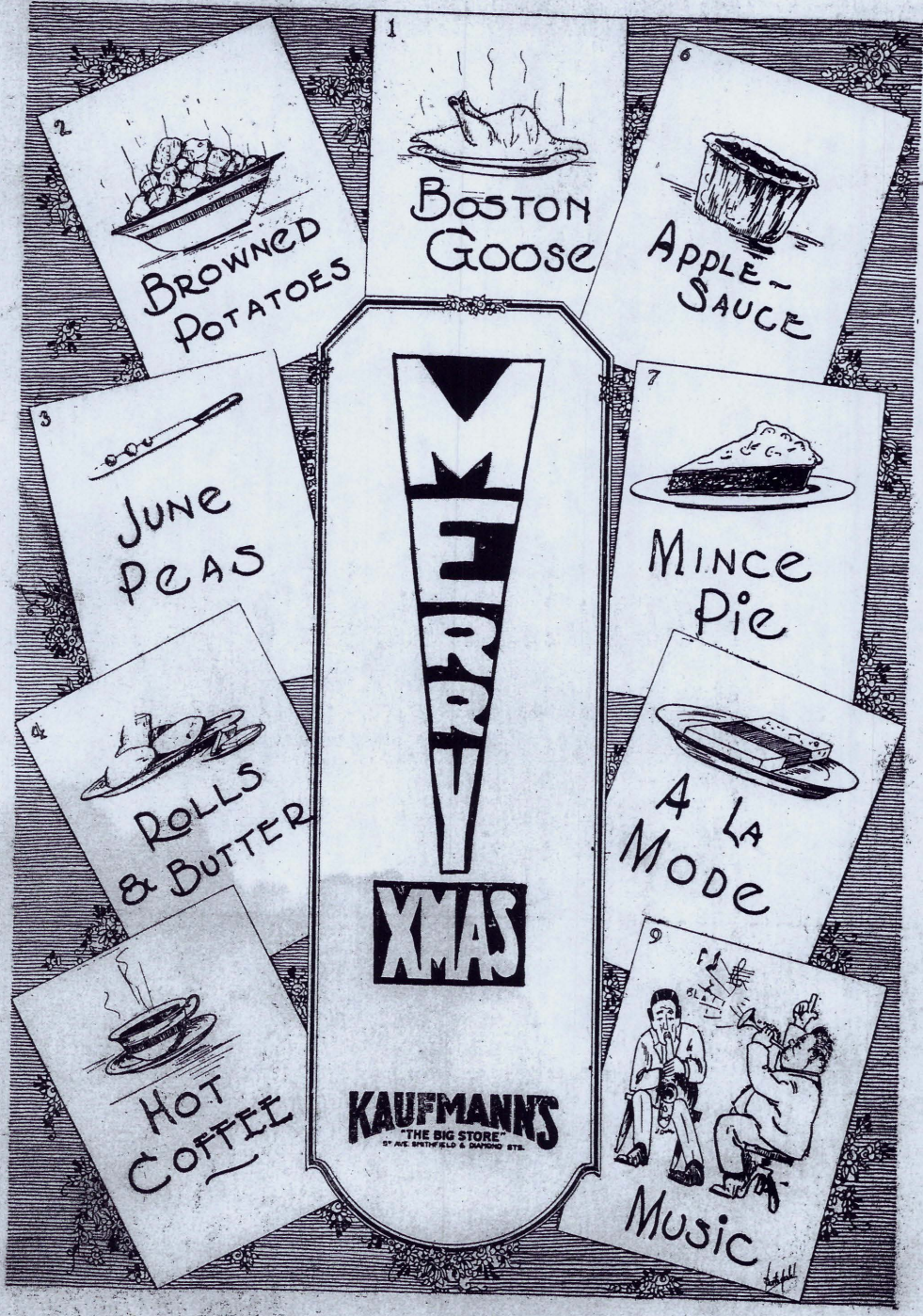


EMPLOYEES' DINNER

DECEMBER 6th, 1924



COURTESY OF THE FIRM



2
BROWNED
POTATOES

1
BOSTON
GOOSE

5
APPLE-
SAUCE

3
JUNE
PEAS

7
MINCE
PIE

4
ROLLS
& BUTTER

6
A LA
MODE

8
HOT
COFFEE

9
MUSIC

KAUFMANN'S
"THE BIG STORE"
57 AVE. BROADWAY & 58TH ST. N.Y.C.

ROAST TURKEY
& MASHED POTATOES
Most Delicious
CRANBERRY SAUCE
Nice Tender PEAS
ROLLS And BUTTER
Steaming COFFEE
PIE A' LA MODE Are
All On This Menu
DECEMBER
SAT THIRTEENTH
K A U F M A N N S

